



## Little Ballerina



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### Chapter 1 by Fascinating Dreamer

With a graced smile tugging at her lips, the girl came out into the stage. Her eyes immediately fell to her mother, who was seated at the direct front row. The motivational smile that had gotten her in the exact position to begin with flowed back on her lips, and the girl felt her heart rest.

Returning her mother's glowing smile, the girl effortlessly dedicated all of her body weight on the tips of her eased, protruded feet. Although the back of her feet felt a faint pang, the girl concealed the pain with an unmistakable grin.

She did the same with her other foot and took three steps to the front; keeping all of her body weight at her tips. Gracefully, the girl spread out her arms and lifted up her foot all the way up, past her head. She stayed in that position for a moment, letting the audience take it in.

The girl wiggled her foot mirthfully, landing back on her tip toes after bouncing for a split-second. She linked her hands as though she was hugging an invisible teddy bear, and spun around eloquently--the grin unwavering.

In the mid of that motion, she took in the motivational smile once again. Her mother had pride scribbled all across her face. Delighted, she took the steps like the back of her hand, at this point.

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The girl moved around the stage, balancing her steps by switching between her tips and foot regularly. She knew not to put too much pressure upon her tips and igniting pain. The music's beat helped take her mind off the difficulty of her movements.

Always flow to the beat, her mother had told her.

So she did.

Once again, she twirled around three times as the music's beat quickened, letting her cerulean tutu spin around along with her. This caused an echo in her spin, leaving an aftereffect in the crowd. The girl was enamored by the ruffles at the bottom of her tutu, often reaching down to probe it in the middle of a dance step.

As she neared the end of her piece, the girl placed all of her body weight on the tips of her feet once again. She stayed that way for three seconds this time, sending the crowd on a thunderous clapping venture.

"You go, little ballerina!" her mother cheered excitedly, shooting up from her seat to appreciate her daughter's performance.

Little ballerina felt a wide beam stretching out on her lips, bowing down proudly to acknowledge the praises of her audience. Looking back up, she felt satisfied. She had done this many times before, but this was her most challenging piece--her most prolonged piece, choreographed specifically by her mother.

Observing the grin still plastered upon her mother's lips, little ballerina knew she had only done her mother proud.

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